

The five Central American republics are trying to consolidate under one government. It will be easier to carry on one revolution than to keep five going all the time.

A CHICAGO woman has filed a petition in court to have a receiver appointed to take charge of a \$250 diamond. She needn't have gone to court about it; there are "slathers" of good men lying around town ready to take charge of the diamond and the woman, too, without further formality.

If Miss Helen Gould be not driven to marriage in self defense, it will not be the fault of the gossips. She has been reported engaged to at least four men in the last six months. She has, however, many of the characteristics of her father and will not confide her intentions to the public until she "gets good and ready."

MR. VANDERBILT has started on a yachting cruise that will last ten months. The expenses of the yacht are \$10,000 a month, but a little thing like that doesn't worry Mr. Vanderbilt. Moreover it is a soothing reflection that the middle of the boundless ocean is the one place where cranks of an acquisitive mind do not flourish.

SOMETHING is clearly wrong with the parity between the market value of husbands and wives. A jury has awarded a wife \$10,000 for her husband killed on the Pennsylvania railroad, and a young man is estimated at such a high price that a woman who did not get him has sued for \$15,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. On the other hand a Tennessee husband has sold his wife for 50 cents.

A UTAH murderer seven years of age has been sentenced to fifteen years in the reform school. He had taken his shotgun and picked a playmate off a tree with it. When, still on the threshold of life he shall emerge from confinement and look about for maturer operations, it will be interesting to know what he will do. But a thoughtful person would ask to be excused from viewing the matter from the standpoint of a man up a tree.

It must be comforting to earthquake-shaken people in Quebec to know that in the opinion of Sir William Dawson, the Canadian geologist, the disturbance came from a giving way in the rocks at the junction of the Laurentian and Silurian formations. It always soothes distraction and alarm to make the cause of it unintelligible. The shake would seem a great deal worse if its cause were known.

In Paris the owners of a dog which bit a man, who subsequently died of hydrophobia, are now being prosecuted by the authorities on a charge of manslaughter through carelessness. This is the first case of the kind, and its result is being anxiously awaited by thousands of proprietors of dogs throughout France, who, in case of a conviction of the defendants will be called upon to bear a new and heavy burden of responsibility.

The latest failure reported in Wall street is that of a young man who started out with nothing and made \$2,000,000 by speculating in the Chicago wheat pit in three years. Then he became anxious to shine in Wall street, and he proceeded thither for the purpose of still further increasing his fortune. The promptness with which he has now been relieved of all his money goes to show that the sheeners frequently get shorn as close as the lambs who drop into Wall street only occasionally.

We read with scarcely a tremor of horror that 12,000 men were killed by the earthquake in Persia recently. And perhaps it is providential that death and suffering which happen at a great distance from us fail to move us; otherwise, in this age of cables and daily papers we should be passing through the throes of sympathetic horror continually. It may be better that we should relieve nearby sorrow, which we can mitigate, and not worry about distant sorrow which we cannot help.

THERE will be an almost unanimous approval in this country of the action of the grand jury of Mercer county, New Jersey, in indicting the seven Princeton smart alecks who have recently been expelled from college for compelling a freshman to jump into the canal at Princeton and not allowing him to land. The indictment is for assault and battery. Now if a few weeks' or months' imprisonment can be added to the punishment the college has already inflicted, the business of hazing at Princeton is not likely to be absorbingly popular.

A GLANCE at the ensanguined foot ball fields of the country leads the average man to wonder why there is so much gubernatorial activity in the prevention of the mild and gentlemanly prize fight.

COLLEGE students are trying, by exacting pledges, to prevent cheating at examinations. The exact value of a pledge from one whose principles permit him to cheat has probably not been established. The plan seems much like putting upon honor people who lack the quality.

TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

DARING JOURNEY OF MARION HARLAND.

Will Pass Four Months Among the Robbers and Lepers of the Syrian Wilds—Never Before Attempted by a Woman.



JOURNEYING about the jungles of the Orient is not at all a pleasant undertaking for a woman, and the prediction is now made that if Marion Harland, otherwise Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune, returns safely home next March from the voyage which began recently she will have accomplished what no white woman has ever yet done, and what she herself has been planning to do for twenty years. Her undertaking is a pilgrimage through the desert of Syria to the Bedouins and lepers of that region, varied by a week's stay as an inmate in the most noted harem of Damascus, and visits to the Druses of Carmel, the Sea of Tiberias, the tomb of Abraham at Hebron and to the grand rabbi of Jerusalem, who will bestow his blessings upon her. The lady is to be accompanied only by her son, a youth who is six feet three inches in height and 19 years of age, except that upon entering the Holy Land David Jamal, the Oriental dragoman, will become her guide, and a Syrian woman is there to enter Mrs. Terhune's service, and they, with a few native porters, will comprise the entire party. Mr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the Christian Herald, planned this unique journey and pays the bills.

Mrs. Terhune is now crossing Europe by rail to Brindisi, and going by boat to Jaffa, thence over the only railway in that region to Jerusalem. Here the grand rabbi, through the courtesy of Mr. Selah Merrill, our consul at Jerusalem, has agreed to formally receive the American woman, impart his blessing and give her letters which are expected to prove a sort of open sesame throughout the journey. At Jerusalem Mrs. Terhune dons the oriental dress, consisting of a long, loose robe, the turban and a "yashmak"—the close veil which will conceal all of her face and have a solitary hole in it for her to see through.

From this time on Jamal, the dragoman, becomes an important personage in the lady's daily life, and excepting only Albert Payson Terhune, her son, the only man she can feel at all safe with. This man has been in the United States and has lectured here and in Europe not long ago. His wild adventures would, in the platitudinous phrase, fill a book. He is well acquainted with the Duke of Connaught, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and others who have visited his people.

With letters commanding her to all the tribes in Syria as far as Damascus and Beyrout, Mrs. Terhune will voyage on the back of a camel, the commander of the little party armed to the teeth, until Hebron is reached. On the way she will practice with the sube and the flintlock, to protect herself should necessity arise from robbers and native violence. The next stop will be at Nazareth and after that Bethlehem, wherein Christmas will be passed. Early in January the little party hopes to reach Tiberias, where Mrs. Terhune intends to participate in the religious custom of washing the bodies of the dead in the sea. This will be among the most perilous parts of the journey, owing to native frenzy at the time and the embarrassing habit of running amuck to which ladies and gentlemen in that country are addicted.

Across the Jordan next to the land of Moab Mrs. Terhune will send her son ahead to beg admission for weary voyagers according to the quaint custom at the convent of Mar-Saba.



AN INMATE OF A DAMASCAN HAREM.

the oldest Christian convent in the world. There is no doubt of her being admitted. Here the party will replenish their stores and Jamal will have to exert his influence among the Bedouins, the wandering robbers of this region. For Mrs. Terhune has resolved to pass at least a week among these people, living in their tent and taking part in their weird customs. The negotiations incident to this part of the trip will require no end of diplomatic maneuvers, for if there come a struggle with a rival tribe during the lady's stay among them her death might be the result. It will require some days after leaving the convent to arrive among the Bedouins.

Should Mrs. Terhune get safely away from the Bedouins she will wend her way, or rather the camel she is riding will be steered in the direction of the Druses of Carmel. These people have a far-away settlement over the desert, being descendants of the unhappy people of whom thousands were massacred by the Turks in 1895. They are very savage and fierce, but the letters which Mrs. Terhune expects to bear from the grand rabbi will, it is believed, prompt them to welcome

her. If received she proposes to take part in the religious festival here and go with the annual hunting expedition into the wilds of this territory.

Damascus, the Paris of the Orient, is to be the scene of Mrs. Terhune's next experiences. At least a week will be spent by her in the harem of a wealthy resident. The lady means to gain admittance nominally as a slave to wait upon the favorite of the owner, Jamal and the young son are to visit the gardens of Damascus every other day, where the nominal slave is to pass with a load of wood on her head and nod if all is well. She will be obliged to wear white sandals and the hood of a duenna all this time. The only way in which Mrs. Terhune could get into a harem, even on these terms, was by securing a letter through the influence of the grand rabbi, to the chief of the eunuchs, who, in turn, induced a local magnate with thirty-seven wives or so to consent to this arrangement.

After these experiences are through with the intrepid voyager will go among the lepers of Damascus. There is Naaman's house of lepers in the city, at which Mrs. Terhune will apply for leave to converse and mingle with the afflicted creatures. This, also, is an affair for delicate management, but before she left New York assurances were ob-



MARION HARLAND.

tained, through our diplomatic representatives in the Orient, that it could be managed. Mrs. Terhune's idea is to see if the alleged wrongs of the lepers can not be righted by efforts of Christians in this country. It is well known that an eminent American philanthropist has long wished to secure an authentic report upon the condition of the world's lepers. Such a report does not exist, and the efforts of well disposed persons to solve this growing problem of the leper are thus rendered nugatory. Mrs. Terhune means to investigate the Damascus settlements in the interest of this cause. Physicians here have stated that there is no fear of contagion, and it is believed that the lady can secure by a week's sojourn among these unfortunate all that is needed for the information of their well wishers.

Mrs. Terhune carries with her letters of introduction to the social leaders of Damascus—that is, the native aristocracy—the wealth of whom is immense, and her life in the city's palaces is expected to pleasantly vary the rigors of her other experiences.

After Damascus comes the trip to Beyrout. Here the native tribes have doubtfully distinguished themselves by treacherous murders of tourists, and the influence of Jamal must again prove the party's guarantee of safety. The robbers of this region have a way of ambushing voyagers, and to meet these, should any come, Mrs. Terhune has planned to familiarize herself with all the weapons of the country as she journeys. It is planned that she will rise with the sun, don the turban and yashmak, but varying the Oriental attire with a skirt reaching to her knees. Then high boots and a belt bristling with dirks and daggers are to impart a fierce air to the domestic reformer. She will indulge in pistol practice each morning as her camel jolts along, and regularly the fair voyager and her giant son will fight a mimic combat with daggers to give the two an idea of the proper way to receive the native brigands. It is further arranged that should the lady be captured news of the circumstances will consist in her failure to report at certain signal stations along the route.

Canon Tristram attempted a pilgrimage, something like Marion Harland's present journey, but was captured with his entire caravan by the Bedouins in whose tents Mrs. Terhune means to pass a week. They held the distinguished divine for a long time, until at last he was ransomed. The experience nearly cost him his life.

After the stop in the Beyrout region Mrs. Terhune's voyage will be over. She means to return in a civilized manner, donning the Oriental toggerie, and visiting such scenes of interest on the way home as may seem worth the trouble. Should no accidents happen and everything be accomplished according to present plans, the lady and her son will be back in New York by March.

Isben and His Ways.

It is said that Isben reads very little; he declares that he "will not be drawn away from himself." He has been afraid of the judgment of Paris. "Parisians," he said, "are so refined that it is strange they should take any interest in my ways." He doesn't understand why they should indulge in philosophical speculations concerning his felicitous personages, who are very real and perfectly simple to him. "I live in the reality of my character," he says, "and to such an extent that I could count the number of buttons they have on their coats." One who knows Isben well says that he has no intimate friends; that the only person who has any authority over him is his wife. He has a high opinion of women and a very poor one of men. He doesn't care to engage in a crusade of social changes. "I am a spectator, and no more," he says.

WAS AN IDEAL CAPTAIN.

"TOM" LEATHERS, BELOVED OF ALL BOATMEN.

He Commanded the Steamer Natchez, and His Name Was a Household Word in War Times—He Never Lost a Life—Short History of His Career.

Said one of a party sitting around a table in the Astor house cafe the other day to a New York Advertiser reporter: "That story reminds me of my old friend, Captain Tom Leathers of New Orleans. You all, of course, know whom I mean, for when a crack Mississippi river steamboat captain outranked the governor of a Southern state, Tom Leathers was easily the most popular steamboat man on the river, and after the celebrated race between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez in 1870 his name was in everybody's mouth. The old fellow must be now nearly fourscore, and is doubtless the last of the men who made the river travel what it was before and just after the war. All the rest, so far as I remember, have made their last landing, and only brave, big-hearted Tom is left. In 1846 I first became acquainted with him. I almost lived on the river in those days and knew the big boat captains intimately. All of them, with a few exceptions, were men of a type now seldom encountered. Bluff they were in manner to men when opposed, but to women they were gentleness itself. 'In care of the captain' was sufficient on any liner then to protect a woman from the unwelcome attentions of the most audacious villain.

"The popularity and fame of Captain Leathers were a household word in the Mississippi Valley, and the staterooms on his boats brought premiums. He never lost a life. His coolness and presence of mind never failed him when danger menaced, which was often. He knew his business thoroughly and his rise was due to merit. His first boat, I think, was the old Princess, of which he was mate before being promoted to her command. In 1853 he built the first Natchez and from that day his prominence as a river man was assured. When this boat was burned on Black river by the Federal soldiers just after the war commenced, Captain Tom was ruined. All his earnings were invested in the boat, but his friends stood by him and bought the Magenta, which he ran for a while until the second Natchez was along. This is the boat which took part in the historic race with the Robert E. Lee from New Orleans to St. Louis. The race created great interest throughout the whole country. Along the river the big race occupied public attention exclusively for two weeks before it came off. The betting on the outcome is said to have been the heaviest ever known.

"Captain Leathers successfully built and commanded five boats called Natchez, all of them magnificently appointed steamers. In those days the boats monopolized the river passenger traffic, and as there was much competition the accommodations were of the costliest description, and the tables on first class boats were equal to those of the best hotels of the present day. The big saloon cabins every night after supper were cleared and the passengers had their choice of amusements. There was always a good band for dancing, and card tables stood invitingly in the forward saloon. These were the palmy days of gambling, and the boats were patronized by all kinds of professional sports. It was difficult for a captain to protect his passengers, but so well known was Captain Tom Leathers' determined way with card sharps that his boats enjoyed comparative immunity from the swindling fraternity. He never drank to excess or gambled himself, and if a passenger was felled on his boat the accused man was hunted up, summarily investigated, and, if guilty, the boat's nose was pointed to the nearest bank and the offender walked the plank and waded through mud and water to the shore, sometimes many miles from a settlement. As such experiences were unpleasant Captain Tom's boats were given a wide berth by sharps, and consequently the wealthy river-front planters between Vicksburg and New Orleans preferred the Natchez always for themselves and families.

Captain Leathers is a Kentuckian, hailing from Covington, and has followed the river since childhood. He has married twice. His second wife was Miss Claiborne and a member of the well-known New Orleans family of that name. He has six children living, three boys and three girls. Captain Leathers gave up active life on the river ten years ago. He is now largely interested in a company running boats between Vicksburg and New Orleans, and has offices in the latter city. His eldest son, Boland, commands a stern-wheel Natchez belonging to the line and is a chip of the old block. The other boys likewise followed in their father's footsteps and are popular.

Captain George A. Devol, who lived for many years in New Orleans and traveled constantly with Captain Leathers and his company, said recently: "Yes, I am well acquainted with Captain Leathers. I knew all of the old-time river captains intimately. There was Captain John Canon—he is dead. Captain Tobin is dead, too. Captain White is gone. I guess Leathers is about the only one left of his generation. And what splendid fellows they were—brave, generous and charitable. They took the greatest pride in their profession, and were square and trustworthy. I could never get

one of them even to accept a present. The last Natchez was the fastest boat ever put out on the Mississippi river. She struck a snag seven or eight years ago while in command of Boland Leathers and was a total loss. Just before she started on her last trip her insurance of \$125,000 was reduced to \$20,000, and the loss was a bad blow to the old captain. He is rich, though, and lives in splendid style in New Orleans. He is just the same unassuming Captain 'Tom' as ever, and an old friend is always welcomed heartily. His reminiscences of river life are fascinating. I hope to enjoy another 'pipe and a julep' with Captain 'Tom' before either of us make our last landing."

Hope for Young Poets.

Peddler—One moment, please. You are a poet, I am told.

Scribbler—Yes, but I—er—have not published very much of my work as yet.

"Exactly. That's why I called."

"Er? Are you a publisher?"

"No, sir; I am general agent for one of the greatest money-saving inventions of the age."

"Um—I would certainly like to save money."

"Yes, that's it, and I've got the thing to enable you to do it. It's a little rubber stamp with the words 'Declined with Thanks' on it. You write your poem, put it in an envelope, slip in a piece of paper, with those words on it, address the envelope to yourself, open the envelope, read the slip, dump the whole business in the waste basket—and there you are. You'll save ten times its cost in postage stamps every week."

Not Worth a Rush.

When one says of anything that it is "not worth a rush," one means to imply that it is worthless, for what can be the value of a straw? The older saying was "not worth a rush" and this brings out the origin of the phrase better. In the days before carpets it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. When guests of rank were entertained, rushes green, fresh and sweet were spread for them, but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humbler persons had to do without any, as not even being "worth a rush."

LIGHT WEIGHTS.

"Could you oblige me," said the colonel, "with a \$5 bill?" "I can," replied the major; "bill collector left one for you ten minutes ago."

Hicks—Education is a good thing. Wicks—I believe you. Without education it would be quite impossible to bamboozle the fellows who have no education.

On a first night. Author to his neighbor who is about to leave the house after the first act—But my dear sir, there are two more acts. Neighbor—That is the very reason I am going. Orator—Where else will you find in one spot such products as marble, iron, clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, glass, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, and all manner of grains? Man in the Audience—In my boy's pocket.

A clothier had excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted outside his shop. When asked for an explanation he replied, "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing shops be to-day?"

Little Girl—Mamma, we is goin' to have a church fair, to get money for the heathen. Mamma—That's a lovely idea, my angel; but what can you get to sell? Little Girl—Oh, we is goin' to have the people bring their own things, an' sell them to themselves, an' give us the money.

CURIOUS CLIPPINGS.

Roman schoolboys used a wax tablet and pointed stylus instead of slate and pencil.

Great Britain got two of her possessions from pirates—the Leeward Islands in Borneo and Sarawak in the northwest of Borneo.

A Birmingham official greeted the local chief magistrate with "Hello, old boss!" The old boss, or rather, the mayor, fined him \$10.

An English woman had the misfortune a few evenings ago to fall and break a leg while dancing at a suburban ball. She alleges that the fall was due to the clumsiness of the gentleman. It would not be polite, of course, for him to set up contributory negligence on the lady's part, so he is wondering what the penalty will be.

Professor Tcheraz tells some interesting legends from the folk-lore of Armenia. One of these is that the Savior was passing through a certain field where all the plants in the field bowed down to him with the exception of the tobacco plant. Displeased at this the Savior said: "Accursed thou art; burn forever." "The Armenians," added the professor, "assist largely in carrying out the sentence which they believe to have been pronounced on that plant."

Mrs. Bartlett, wife of the owner of the magnesite mine in Chiles Valley, Cal., was out with a 25-caliber rifle shooting at fences and rocks, when she noticed a can some fifty yards away. Taking aim, she fired at it, and a big explosion resulted. The can did not happen to be an empty one. It contained twenty-five pounds of giant powder. By its explosion fences were torn down and posts razed to the ground. The shock broke all the windows in the house, tore off the weather boarding and threw Bartlett and William Bradley, who were in the kitchen, in a heap upon the floor. Luckily Mrs. Bartlett the innocent cause of all this commotion, was not injured.

VERY NARROW ESCAPES.

THE MIRACLES TOLD BY A PULP MILL MAN.

One Man Was Bitten Flat and Yet He Recovered, Though He Lost His Shape—Four Men Were Caught in a Log Jam and Saved by the Logs.

"I never hear of persons narrowly escaping death or surviving extraordinary injuries," said the New York representative of a big pulp mill company, to a Sun reporter, "that I do not think of some remarkable instances of the kind that have occurred at one of our mills in the northern part of this state. On one occasion a workman named Wolf was engaged in cleaning a machine used at a certain stage in the process of pulp manufacture. The principal feature of this machine was two very heavy iron rollers, one above the other. When in operation the upper roller was pressed closely down on the lower one, and they revolved in opposite directions. To clean those rollers the upper one was raised seven or eight inches, the machine, of course being at rest.

"In the course of his work Wolf, who was a young German, thrust his head and shoulders between the rollers to see better to clean the lower roller. While he was in that position some careless person turned on the water power. The rollers started at once, and before the alarm could be given and the water turned off Wolf had been drawn clear through between the rollers and dropped on the other side, as much like pulp, so far as appearances went, as anything could be.

"I happened to be in that part of the mill at the time and saw the frightful mishap. I ran to where the limp form of the workman lay, and dispatched a messenger at once for a doctor, merely as a matter of form, however, for that anything could be done for the shapeless mass of humanity never entered my mind. It was impossible to lift the body. We shuffled it on to a blanket and carried it to the unfortunate man's home. I noticed that, although there was not the slightest evidence of consciousness, Wolf was still breathing, and that his heart was beating. When the doctor came he declared that, from the shoulders down, there was positively not a single bone left in Wolf's body. He said there was not one chance in ten thousand of the man living.

"It would take ten doctors a week to set his bones," he said.

"He encased the body in plaster from the neck down, and when he came next day was amazed to find that Wolf was still alive and had regained consciousness. Wolf lay encased in plaster for several weeks. His bones knit and grew together again, but in such a way that he was covered with knobs and ridges and queer corners and angles from head to feet. But he was alive. He was our night watchman for ten years after that, and he is alive to-day.

"Once the dam of one of our mills became so clogged with logs that they interfered with the water power. It was necessary to release the dam or shut down the mill. The work would necessarily endanger the lives and limbs of all who engaged in it, and volunteers were asked for, handsome extra pay being offered. Plenty of men were ready to take the risk, among them Pat O'Brien, an Irishman, 61 years old. He insisted on being one of the gang and joined it against the protest of the superintendent.

"The work of releasing the log jam went all right until the key log that held the main jam was to be removed. There lay the danger. The key was removed and the men made a wild dash to escape the rush. They all got out of the way but four, among them the old Irishman, Pat O'Brien. These four were caught among the logs and went over the falls, a sheer descent of eighty-five feet. Men and logs went over together and everybody supposed that the men would be ground to atoms, but a most astonishing thing happened. In falling a number of logs fell on end in a group, their upper ends toppling together, forming an almost perfect tent or peaked hut, with the downstream side open. The men had escaped injury, not only from the tremendous plunge itself, and it was as they landed in the water below that the tent of logs formed, with them beneath its shelter. This saved them from being drowned by the water that plunged down from the great height.

"There was constant danger of the shelter of logs being forced from its lodgment by the pressure of water. In view of the latter danger, when it came to rescuing them the three young men of the party urged old Pat O'Brien to be hauled up first. He obstinately refused to be hauled up until his companions had been rescued, when he took his chance and was landed safely above. He had scarcely been lifted above the shelter of the logs when it gave way, and the logs went crashing and thundering down the stream. I have heard of wonderful escapes of death, but never anything so wonderful as that."

English Orders of Knighthood.

The several orders of knighthood in Great Britain are thus commonly designated: Knight of the Garter, K. G.; Thistle, K. T.; St. Patrick, K. P.; Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, G. C. B.; Knights Commanders, K. C. B.; Knights Grand Commanders of the Star of India, G. C. S. I.; St. Michael and St. George, G. S. M. G.; Indian Empire, G. C. I. G.